

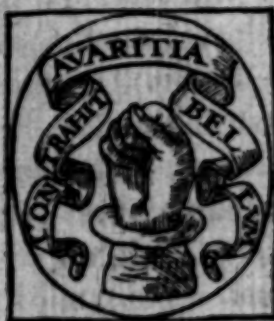


# ACHILLES

S H I E L D.

Translated as the other seven Bookes  
*of Homer, out of his eighteenth  
booke of Iliades.*

By George Chapman Gent.



L O N D O N

Imprinted by Iohn Windet, and are to be sold  
*at Pauls Wharfe, at the signe of the  
Crosse Keyes. 1598.*

ACHILLES

SHIELD

Translated as the other famous Books  
of Homer, out of his original  
Book of Iliad.

By George Chapman Gentleman



LONDON

Printed by John Widdowes, and are to be sold  
at Pauls Church, at the Sign of the  
Crosse Key. 1598.



To the most honored Earle,  
*Earle Marshall.*



Pondanus, one of the most desertfull Commentars. of Homer, calls all sorts of all men learned to be iudicial beholders of this more then Artificiall and no lesse then Diuine Rapture; then which nothing can be imagined more full of soule and humaine extraction: for what is here presigurde by our miraculous Artist, but the vniuersall world, which being so spacious and almost vnmeasurable, one circlet of a Shield representes and imbraceth? In it heauen turnes, the starres shine, the earth is enflowred, the sea swelles and rageth, Citties are built: one in the happinesse and sweetnesse of peace, the other in open warre & the terrors of ambush &c. And all these so liuely proposde, as not without reason many in times past haue beliened, that all these thinges haue in them a kind of voluntarie motion: euen as those Tripods of Vulcan, and that Dedalian Venus *autonimot*; nor can I be resolu'd that their opinions be sufficiently refuted by Aristonicus, for so are all things here described, by our diuineſt Poet, as if they consisted not of hard and solid mettals, but of a truly, liuing, and mouing soule: The ground of his inuention he shews out of Eustathius: intending by the Orbiquitie of the Shield, the roundnesse of the world: by the foure mettalles, the foure elementes: viz. by gold fire: by brasse earth for the hardnes: by Tinne water, for the softnes, and inclination to fluxure:

## The Epistle Dedicatorie.

by silver, Aire, for the grosse & obscuritie of the metall before it  
 be refined. That which he calls *αυτοζα τριπλαχα μαρμαρεω*, he under-  
 stands the Zodiack, which is said to be triple for the latitude it con-  
 tains, & shining by reason of the perpetual course of the Sun made  
 in that circle, by *αργυρεον τελομενα* the Axletree, about which  
 beaue hath his motion &c. Nor do I deny (saith Spondanus) E-  
 neas arms to be forged, with an exceeding height of wit by Virgil,  
 but compared with these of Homer, they are nothing. And this  
 is it (most honore) that maketh me thus sodainely translate this  
 Shield of Achilles, for since my publication of the other seuen  
 bookes, comparison hath beene made betweene Virgill and Ho-  
 mer: who can be compared in nothing with more decysall & cut-  
 ting of all argument, then in these two Shieldes; and whosoever  
 shall reade Homer thoroughly and worthily, will know the que-  
 stion comes from a superficiall and too vnripe a reader: for Ho-  
 mers Poems were writ from a free furie, an absolute & full soule:  
 Virgils out of a courtly, laborious, and altogether imitative spi-  
 rit: not a Simile hee hath but is Homers: not an inuention,  
 person, or disposition, but is wholly or originally built vpon Ho-  
 mericall foundations, and in many places hath the verie wordes  
 Homer vseth: besides, where Virgill hath had no more plen-  
 tifull and liberall a wit, then to frame twelue imperfect bookes of  
 the troubles and trauailes of Æneas: Homer hath of as little  
 subject finisht eight & fortie perfect: and that the triniall obiection  
 may be answerd, that not the number of bookes, but the nature  
 and excellence of the worke commends it: All Homers bookes  
 are such as haue beene presidents euer since of all sortes of Poems:  
 imitating none, nor euer worthily imitated of any: yet would I  
 not be thought so ill created as to bee a malicious detracter of so  
 admired a Poet as Virgill, but a true iustifier of Homer, who  
 must not bee read for a few lynes with leaues turned ouer capri-  
 chiously in dismembred fractions, but throughout; the whole  
 drift



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drift, weight & height of his workes set before the apprehensue eyes of his iudge. The maiestie he enthrones and the spirit he infuseth into the scope of his worke so farre outshining Virgill, that his skirmishes are but meere scramblings of boyes to Homers; the silken body of Virgils muse curiously drest in guilt and embroidered siluer, but Homers in plaine masse and unvalued gold: not onely all learning, gouernment, and wisdom being deduct as from a bottomelesse fountaine from him; but all wit, elegancie, disposition and iudgement. ΟΥΝΕΣ ΠΡΩΤΟΣ ΔΙΔΑΚΤΑΛΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΠΥΛΑΓΩΝ &c. Homer. (saith Plato) was the Prince and maister of all praises and vertues: the Emperour of wise men: an host of men against any deprauer in any principle he held. All the ancient and lately learned haue had him in equall estimation. And for anie to be now contrariely affected, it must needs proceed from a meere wantonnesse of witte: an Idle vnthristie spirit: wilfull because they may choose whether they will think otherwise or not, & haue power and fortune enough to liue like true men without truth; or els they must presume of puritanicall inspiration, to haue that with delicacie & squemishnes, which others with as good means, ten times more time, and ten thousand times more labour could neuer conceiue. But some will conuey their imperfections vnder his Greeke Shield, and from thence bestowe bitter arrowes against the traduction, affirming their want of admiration grows from defect of our language, not able to expresse the coppie and elegancie of the originall: but this easie and traditionall pretext hides them not enough: for how full of height and roundnesse soeuer Greeke be aboue English, yet is there no depth of conceipt triumphing in it, but as in a meere admirer it may be imagined; so in a sufficient translator it may be exprest. And Homer that hath his chiefe holinesse of estimation, for matter and instruction, would scorne to haue his supream worthinesse glossing in his courtshippe and priuiledge of tongue. And if Italian,

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*French & Spanish, haue not made it daintie, nor thought it any presumption to turne him into their languages, but a fit and honorable labour: and (in respect of their countries profit and their poesies credit): most necessarie, what curious, proud, and poore shamesfastnesse should let an English muse to traduce him, when the language she workes withall is more conformable, fluent, and expresse; which I would your Lordship would commaunde mee to proue against all our whippers of their owne complement in their countries dialect.*

*O what peeuisish ingratitude and most unreasonable scorne of our selues we commit, to bee so extrauagant and forreignely witted, to honour and imitate that in a strange tongue, which wee condemne and contemne in our native? for if the substance of the Poets will be exprest and his sentence and sence rendred with truth and elocution, hee that takes iudiciall pleasure in him in Greeke, cannot beare so rough a browe to him in English, to entombe his acceptance in austeritie.*

*But thou soule-blind Scalliger, that neuer hadst any thing but place, time and termes, to paint thy proficiencie in learning, nor euer writest any thing of thine owne impotent braine, but thy onely impalsied diminution of Homer (which I may sweare was the absolute inspiration of thine owne ridiculous Genius) neuer didst thou more palpably damn thy drossy spirit in al thy all countries—exploded filcheries, which are so grossely illiterate, that no man will vouchsafe their refutation, then in thy sencelesse reprehensions of Homer; whose spirit flew as much about thy groueling capacitie, as heauen moues about Barathrum: but as none will vouchsafe repetition nor answer of thy other unmanly fooleries: no more will I of these, my Epistle being too tedious to your Lo: besides, and no mans iudgement seruing better, (if your high affaires could admit their diligent perusal) then your Lo: to refuse and reiect him. But alas Homer is not now to bee list*

### The Epistle Dedicatorie.

up by my weake arme, more then he is now deprest by more feeble oppositions, if any feele not their conceiptes so rauisht with the eminent beauties of his ascentiall muse, as the greatest men of all sorts and of all ages haue beene. Their most modest course is, (vnlesse they will be powerfully insolent) to ascribe the defect to their apprehension, because they read him but sleightly, not in his surmised frugalitie of obiect, that really and most feastfully powres out himselfe in right diuine occasion. But the chiefe and vnanswerable meane to his generall and iust acceptance, must be your Lo. high and of all men expected president, without which hee must like a poore snayle, pull in his English hornes, that out of all other languages (in regard of the countries affection, and royaltie of his Patrones) hath appeared like an Angell from a clowde, or the world out of Chaos. When no language can make comparison of him with ours if he be worthily conuerted; wherein before he should haue beene borne so lame and defectiue, as the French midwife hath brought him forth, he had neuer made questiō how your Lo. would accept him: and yet haue two of their Kings, embraced him, as a wealthy ornament to their studies, and the main battayle of their armies.

If then your bountie would do me but the grace to conferre my unhappie labours with theirs so successfull & commended (your iudgement seruing you much better then your leysure & yet your leysure in thinges honourable being to bee inforced by your iudgement) no malicious & dishonorable whisperer, that comes armed with an army of authority and state against harmeles & armeles vertue, could wrest your wanted impression so much from it self, to reiect (with imitation of tiranous contempt any affection so zealous & able in this kind to honor your estate as mine. Onely kings & princes haue been Homers Patrones, amongst whom Ptolomie wold say, be that had sleight handes to entertayne Homer, had as sleight braines to rule his common wealth. And an vsuall



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seueritie be vsed, but a most rationall (how precise and ridiculous soeuer it may seeme to men made of ridiculous matter) that in reuerence of the pietie and perfect humanitie he taught; whosoever writ or committed any proud detraction against Homer (as euen so much a man wanted not his malicious depraues) hee put him with torments to extreamest death. O high and magically rayseed prospect, from whence a true eye may see meanes to the absolute redresse, or much to be wished extenuation, of all the vniuersally degeneracies now tyrannising amongst vs: for if that which teacheth happinesse and hath unpainefull corosiuens in it, (being entertayned and obserued) to eate out the hart of that raging vicer, which like a Lernean Fen of corruption furnaceth the vniuersall sighes and complaintes, of this transposed world; were seriously, and as with armed garrisons defended and hartned; that which engenders & disperseth, that wilfull pestilence, would bee purged and extirpate: but that which teacheth, being ouerturned, that which is taught is consequently subiect to euersion: and if the honour, happinesse and preservation of true humanitie consist in obseruing the lawes fit for mans dignitie; and that the elaborate prescription of those lawes must of necessitie be authoris'd, fauoured and defended before any obseruation can succeed: is it vnreasonable, to punish the contempt of that mouing prescription with one mans death, when at the heeles of it followes common neglect of obseruation, and in the necke of it, an vniuersall ruine? This my Lord I enforce only to interrupt in others that may reade this vnsauorie stuffe, the too open mouth'd damnation of royall & vertuous Ptolomies seueritie. For to digest, transforme and sweat a mans soule into rules and attractions to societie; such as are fashioned and temperd with her exact and long laborde contention of studie; in which she tosseth with her impertiall discourse before her, all cause of fantastickall obiections and reproofes; and without which she were as wise as the greatest number of detractors that shall



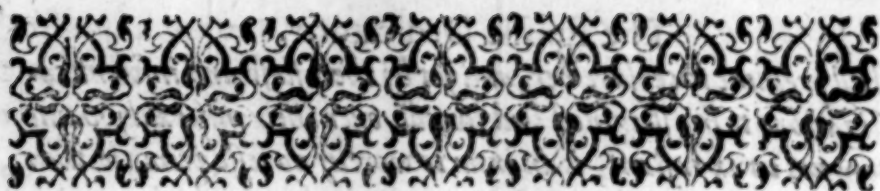
### The Epistle Dedicatorie.

shall presume to censure her; and yet by their flash and insolent castigations to bee sleighted and turnde ouer their miserably vaine tongues in an instant; is an insurie worthy no lesse penaltie then Ptolomie inflicted. To take away the beeles of which running prophanation. I hope your Lo. honourable countenance will be as the Vnicorns horne, to leade the way to English Homers yet poysoned fountaine: for till that fauour be vouchsafed, the herde will neuer drinke, since the venemous galles of some of their fellowes haue infected it, whom alas I pittie. Thus confidently affirming your name and dignities shall neuer bee more honored in a poore booke then in English Homer, I cease to afflict your Lordshippe with my tedious dedicatories, and to still sacred Homers spirit through a language so fitte and so fauourles; humbly presenting your Achillesan vertues with Achilles Shield; wishing  
as it is much more admirable and diuine, so it  
were as many times more rich, then the  
Shield the Cardinall pawnd  
at Anwerp.

By him that wilheth all the degrees of  
iudgement, and honour, to attend  
your deserts to the highest,  
George Chapman.

B

To



## To the vnderstander.



Ou are not euerie bodie, to you (as to one of my very few friends) I may be bold to vtter my minde, nor is it more empaire to an honest and absolute mans sufficiencie to haue few friendes, then to an Homericall Poeme to haue few commenders, for neyther doe common dispositions keepe fitte or plausible consort with iudiciall and simple honestie, nor are idle capacities comprehensible of an elaborate Poeme. My Epistle dedicatorie before my seuen bookes, is accounted darke and too much laboured: for the darkenes there is nothing good or bad, hard or softe, darke or perspicuous but in respect, & in respect of mens light, sleight, or enuious perusalles (to whose loose capacities any worke worthily composde is knit with a riddle) & that the stile is materiall flowing, & not ranke, it may perhaps seeme darke, to ranke riders or readers, that haue no more soules then bur bolts: but to your comprehension & in it selfe, I know it is not. For the affected labour bestowed in it, I protest two morninges both ended it and the Readers Epistle: but the truth is, my desire & strange disposition in all things I write, is to set downe vncommon, and most profitable coherents for the time: yet further remoued from abhorde affectation, then from the most popular and cold digestion. And I euer imagine  
that

that as Italian & French Poems to our studious linguistes, win much of their discourteied affection, as well because the vnderstanding of forreigne tongues is sweete to their apprehension, as that the matter & inuention is pleasing, so my farre fetcht, and as it were beyond sea manner of writing, if they would take as much paines for their poore countrimen as for a proud stranger when they once vnderstand it, should be much more gracious to their choice conceptes, then a discourse that fals naked before them, and hath nothing but what mixeth it selfe with ordinarie table talke. For my varietie of new wordes, I haue none Inckepot I am sure you know, but such as I giue passport with such authoritie, so significant and not ill sounding, that if my countrey language were an vsurer, or a man of this age speaking it, hee would thanke mee for enriching him: Why alas will my young mayster the reader affect nothing common, and yet like nothing extraordinarie? Swaggering is a new worde amongst them, and round headed custome giues it priuiledge with much imitation, being created as it were by a naturall *Prosopopeia* without etimologie or deriuation; and why may not an elegancie authentically deriued, & as I may say of the vpper house, bee entertayned as well in their lower consultation with authoritie of Arte, as their owne forgeries lickt vp by nature? All tongues haue inricht themselues from their originall (onely the Hebrew & Greeke which are not spoken amongst vs) with good neighbourly borrowing, and as with infusion of fresh ayre, and nourishment of newe blood in their still growing bodies, & why may not ours? *Chaucer* (by whom we will needes authorise our true english) had more newe wordes for his time then any man needes to deuise now. And therefore for currant wits to



*To the Reader.*

crie from standing braines, like a broode of Frogs from a ditch, to haue the ceaselesse flowing riuer of our tongue turnde into their Frogpoole, is a long farre from their arrogation of sweetnes, & a sin wold soone bring the plague of barbarisme amongst vs; which in faith needes not bee hastned with defences of his ignorant furtherers, since it comes with mealemouth'd toleration too sauagely vpon vs. To be short; since I had the reward of my labours in their consummation, and the chiefe pleasure of them in mine owne profit, no young preiudicate or castigatorie braine hath reason to thinke I stande trembling vnder the ayry stroke of his feuerie censure, or that I did euer expect any flowing applause from his drie fingers; but the satisfaction and delight that might probably redound to euerie true louer of vertue I set in the seat of mine owne profit and contentment; and if there be any one in whome this succeffe is enflowred, a few sprigges of it shall bee my garland. Since then this neuer equald Poet is to bee vnderstood, and so full of gouernment and direction to all estates; sterne anger and the affrights of warre, bearing the mayne face of his subiect; soldiers shall neuer spende their idle howres more profitablie, then with his studious and industrious perusall; in whose honors his deserts are infinite: Counsellors haue neuer better oracles then his lines: fathers haue no morales so profitable for their children, as his counsailes: nor shal they euer giue them more honord iniunctions, then to learne *Homer* without book, that being continually conuersant in him, his height may descend to their capacities, and his substance proue their worthiest riches. Husbonds, wiues, louers, friends, and allies, hauing in him mirrors for all their duties; all sortes of which concourse and societie in other more happy ages,



*To the Reader.*

ges, haue in steed of sonnets & lasciuious ballades, sung his  
Iliades. Let the length of the verse neuer discourage your  
endeuours: for talke our quidditicall Italianistes of what  
proportion soeuer their strooting lips affect; vnlesse it be in  
these coopplets, into which I haue hastely translated this  
Shield, they shall neuer doe *Homer* so much right, in any  
octaues, canzons, canzonets, or with whatsoeuer fustian  
Epigraphes they shall entitle their measures. Onely the  
extreame false printing troubles my conscience, for feare  
of your deserued discouragement in the empaire of our  
Poets sweetnes; whose generall diuinitie of spirit,  
clad in my willing labours (enuious of none  
nor detracting any) I commit to your  
good nature and solid  
capacitie.

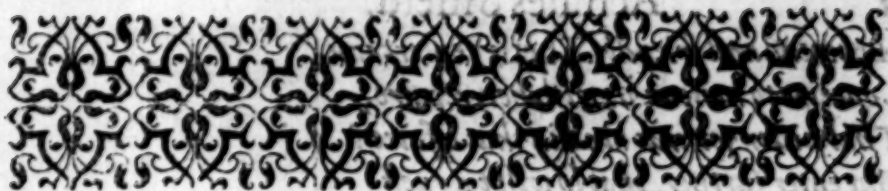
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ACHIL

gates in need of labour & his curious ballads sing his  
shades. I see the length of the verse never decrease your  
endeavour: for as long as I can I shall call Italianes of what  
proportion I can: but I shall not be so bold as to call it in  
this couplet, into which I have so lately translated it  
Shield, my shield, never do I know so much right, in my  
eyes, capons, carons, or with what I can see  
Epigrams they shall call their measures. Only the  
extreme tells me, that I have my conscience for some  
of your detested, though argument in the empire of our  
Poets: for as, whole general division of spirit  
clad in my willing labours (conious of none  
not detaching any) I commit to your  
good name and solid

capasine

ACHIL



# ACHILLES

## S H F E L D.



Right footed Thetis did the Spheare aspire,  
(Amongst ib' Immortals) of the God of fire,  
Starrie, incorruptible, and had frame  
Of ruddie brasse, right shaped by the lame.  
She found him at his swetting bellowes swea-  
And twenty Tripods seriously beating, (ting

To stand and beautifie his rayall hall,  
For chaires of honour, round about the wall,  
And to the feet he fixt of euerie one  
Wheeles of man-making gold to runne alone  
To the Gods Temples; to the which they were  
Religious ornaments, when standing there  
Till sacrifice were done, they would retyre  
To Vulcans house, which all eyes did admire:  
Yet the Dedalecan handles so bold by  
Were unimposde, which straite he did apply.  
These while he fashioned with miraculous Art,  
The sayre white-footed dame appearede apart  
To Charis with the rich-attired head,  
Whose beaueuty beauties strowd the nuptiall bed  
Of that illustrate Smith: she tooke her hand  
And entertained her with this kind demand,  
What makes the Goddesse with the ample traine,

*(Reuerend and friendly Thetis) entertaine  
 Conceipt to honour vs with her repaire,  
 That neuer yet was kind in that affaire?  
 But enter further, that so wisht a guest  
 May be receiu'd with hospitable feast.*

*Thus led she Thetis to a chaire of state,  
 Rich and exceedingly elaborate,  
 And set a footstoole at her siluer feet;  
 I then cald her famous Smith; Vulcan my sweet,  
 Thetis in some vse needes thy fierie hand:  
 He answerd, Thetis hath a strong command  
 Of all my powers; who gaue my life defence,  
 Cast by my mothers wilfull impudence  
 Out of Olimpus; who would haue obscur'd  
 My natiue lamenes; then had I endurde  
 Vnhelped griefes, if on her shining brest,  
 Hospitious Thetis had not let me rest,  
 And bright Eurinome, my Guardian,  
 Faire daughter of the labouring Ocean,  
 With whom nine yeares I wrought vp diuers thinges  
 Buttons and bracelets, whistles, chaines, and rings,  
 In concluse of a Caue; and ouer vs,  
 The swelling waues of old Oceanus,  
 With somie murmure flowd, and not a God,  
 Nor any mortall knew my close abode,  
 But Thetis and diuine Eurinome,  
 Who succord me; and now from gulphy sea  
 To our steepe house hath Thetis made ascent,  
 To whom requitall more then competent,  
 It fits me much my safetie should repay;  
 Charis do thou some sumptuous feast puruay,  
 Whiles I my ayrie bellowes may lay by,*

*And*



*And all my tooles of heauenly ferrarie.*

*Thus from his anuile the huge monster rose,  
And with distorted knees he limping goes  
To a bright chest, of siluer Ore compoſde,  
Where all his wonder-working tooles were cloſde,  
And tooke his ſighing bellows from the fire;  
Then with a ſpunge, his breſt with hayres like wire,  
His browne necke, his hard handes and his face  
He clenſde; put on his robe, aſſumde his mace,  
And halſed forth, and on his ſteps attended  
Handmaides of gold that with ſtronge paces wended,  
Like dames in flowre of life; in whom were mindes  
Furniſht with wiſedome, knowing all the kinds  
Of the Gods powers; from whom did voyces flie,  
In whom were ſtrengthes, and motions voluntary.*

*Theſe at his elbow euer miniſtred:  
And theſe (drawing after him his legges) he led  
To Thetis ſeated in a ſhining throne,  
Whoſe hand he ſhooke and aſkt this queſtion.*

*What wiſht occaſion brings the ſeaſ bright Queen  
To Vulcans houſe, that euer yet haſh beene  
So great a ſtranger? ſhew thy reuerend will,  
Which mine of choyce commands me to fulfill,  
If in the reach of all mine Arte it lie,  
Or it be poſſible to ſatiſfie?*

*Thetis powrd out this ſad reſpy in teares:  
O Vulcan is there any Goddeſſe beares  
(Of all the deities that decke the ſkie)  
So much of mortall wretchednes as I,  
Whom Ioue paſt all deprives of heauenly peace?  
My ſelfe of all the blew Nereides,  
He haſh ſubiected to a mortals bed,*

C.

*Which*

Which I against my will haue suffered  
 To Peleus surnamed Æacides,  
 Who in his court lies slaine with the disease  
 Of wofull age; and now with new importunes  
 He all my ioyes to discontents importunes  
 In giuing me a sonne, chiefe in renoune  
 Of all Heroes; who hath palme-like growne,  
 Set in a frustfull soyle; and when my care  
 Had nursed him to a forme so singulare,  
 I sent him in the Grecians crooke-sternd flecte  
 To Ilion, with the swiftnes of his feete,  
 And dreadfull strength, that his choyce lims indude  
 To fight against the Troian fortitude:  
 And him I neuer shall receyue retirede,  
 To Peleus court; but while he liues in spirde  
 With humaine breath, and sees the Suns cleare light.  
 He must liue sad and moodie as the night.  
 Nor can I cheer him, since his valures price  
 Resignde by all the Grecians comprmise,  
 Atrides forst into his fortunes part  
 For which, Consumption tires vpon his hart:  
 Yet since the Troians, all the Greekes conclude  
 Within theyr forte, the Peeres of Greece haue sude  
 With worthynes of gifts and humble prayers,  
 To winne his hand to harten their affayres  
 Which he denyde: but to appease theyr harmes,  
 He deckt his dear Patroclus in his armes.  
 And sent him with his bandes to those debates:  
 All daye they fought before the Scean gates  
 And well might haue expugnde, by that black light,  
 The Ilian Cittie, if Appollos spight,  
 Thirsting the blood of good Menetius sonne:

Had

Had not in face of all the fight foredone  
His faultlesse life; and author'd the renowne  
On Hectors prowesse, making th' act his owne:  
Since therefore, to reuenge the timelesse death  
Of his true friend, my sonne determineth  
T' embroe the field; for want whereof he lies  
Buried in dust, and drownde in miseries:  
Hereat thy knees I sue, that the short date  
Prefixt his life by power of enuious fate  
Thou wilt with heauenly armes grace and maintaine  
Since his are lost with his Patroclus slaine.

He answerd, be assurde, nor let the care  
Of these desires thy firmest hopes empaire:  
Would God as farre from lamentable death,  
When heauie fates shall see it with his breath,  
I could reserue him, as vnequall armes,  
Shal be found neere t' auert all instant harmes,  
Such armes as all worlds shall for art admire,  
That by their eyes their excellence aspire.

This said, the smith did to his bellowes goe,  
Set them to fire, and made his Cyclops blow:  
Fulltwentie paire breathd through his furnace holes  
All sorts of blastes t' enflame his temperd coles,  
Now blusterd hard, and now did contrarise,  
As Vulcan would, and as his exercise  
Might with perfection serue the dames desire.  
Hard brasse and tinne he cast into the fire,  
High-prised gold and silver, and did set  
Within the stocke, an anuile bright and great:  
His masse hammer then his right hand held,  
His other hand his gasping tongues compeld.

And first he forgde a huge and solid Shield,

C 2

Which



Which euery way did variant artship yeeld,  
 Through which he three ambitious circles cast,  
 Round and refulgent; and without he plac't  
 A siluer handle; fincefold prooffe it was,  
 And in it many things with speciall grace,  
 And passing arteficiall pompe were grauen;  
 In it was earthes greene globe, the sea and heauen,  
 Th'vnwearied Sunne; the Moone exactly round,  
 And all the starres with which the skie is crown'd,  
 The Pleyades, the Hyads, and the force  
 Of great Orion; and the Beare, whose course  
 Turnes her about his Sphere obseruing him  
 Surnam'd the Chariot, and doth neuer swimme  
 Vpon the vnmeasur'd Oceans marble face,  
 Of all the flames that heauens blew wayle enchace.

In it two beautious Citties he did build  
 Of diuers languag'd men; the one was fill'd  
 With sacred nuptialles and with solemne feastes,  
 And through the streetes the faire officious guests,  
 Lead from their brydall chambers their faire brides  
 With golden torches burning by their sides.  
 Hymens sweet triumphes were abundant there,  
 Of youtnes and damzels dauncing in a Sphere;  
 Amongst whom masking flutes & harps were heard,  
 And all the matrones in their dores appearede,  
 Admiring their enamored braueries;  
 Amongst the rest busie contention flies  
 About a slaughter; and to solemne Court  
 The Cittizens were drawne in thicke resort,  
 Where two contended for a penaltie:  
 The one due satisfaction did deny,  
 At sh'others hands for slaughter of his friend,



The other did the contrarie defend:  
At last by arbitration both desirde,  
To haue their long and costly suit expirde,  
The friends cast sounds confusde on eyther side,  
Whose tumult straight the Herraldes pacifide.

In holy circle and on polisht stones,  
The reuerend Iudges made their sessions,  
The voycesfull Herralds awfull scepters holding,  
And their graue doomes on eyther side unfolding.

In middest two golden talents were proposde  
For his rich see by whom should be disclosde  
The most applausiue sentence: th' other towne  
Two host: besiege, to haue it ouerthrowne,  
Or in two parts to share the wealthy spoyle,  
And this must all the Cittizens assoyle.  
They yeeld to neyther but with close alarme,  
To sallies and to ambuscados arme,  
Their wiues and children on their walles did stand,  
With whom and with the old men they were mand.  
The other issude; Mars and Pallas went,  
Propitious Captaaines to their braue intent.  
Both golden did in golden garments shine  
Ample and faire, and seemde indeede diuine.  
The soldiers were in humbler habites deckt.  
When they had found a valley most select,  
To couch their ambush, (at a riuers brinke  
Where all their heards had vsuall place to drinke)  
There (clad in shining steele) they close did lie,  
And set farre off two sentinels to spie,  
When all their flocks and crooke-hancht heards came  
Which soone succeeded. and they followed were (neere  
By two poore heardsmen that on bagpipes plaid,

Doubtlesse of any ambuscados laid :  
 The sentinels gaue word, and in they flew,  
 Tooke heards and flockes, and both their keepers flew.  
 The enemy hearing such a strange uprore  
 About their cattell; being set before  
 In solemne counsell, instantly tooke horse,  
 Pursue and at the flood, with mutuall force,  
 The conflict ioynd; betwixt them flew debate,  
 Disorderd Tumult, and exitial Fate;  
 Here was one taken with wounds bleeding greene,  
 And here one pale, and yeelding, no wound seene :  
 Another slaine; drawne by the strengthles heeles  
 From the red slaughter of the rushles steeles,  
 And he that slew him on his shoulders wearing  
 His bloodieweedes as trophies of his daring.  
 Like men aliue they did conuerse in fight,  
 And tyrde on death with mutuall appetite.

He carude besides a soft and fruitfull field,  
 Brode and thrice new tild in that heauenly shield,  
 Where many plowmen turnd vp here and there  
 The earth in furrowes, and their soueraigne neere  
 They strin'd to worke; and euery furrow ended  
 A bowle of sweetest wine hee still extended  
 To him that first had done; then turnde they hand,  
 Desirous to dispatch that peece of land,  
 Deep and new earde; black grew the plow with mould  
 Which lookt like blackish earth though forgd of gold.  
 And this he did with miracle adorne.

Then made he grow a field of high-sprung corne,  
 In which did reapers sharpned sickles plie :  
 Others, their handfultes falne confusedly  
 Laid on the ridge together; others bound

Their

## Achilles Shield.

9

Their gatherd handfulls to sheaves hard and round  
 Three binders were appointed for the place,  
 And at their heeles did children gleane apace,  
 Whole armesfulls to the binders ministring.  
 Amongst all these all silent stood their king,  
 Vpon a balke, his Scepter in his hand,  
 Glad at his heart to see his yeeldie land.  
 The herraldes then the haruest feast prepare,  
 Beneath an Oke far off, and for their fare,  
 A mightie Oxe was slaine, and women drest  
 Store of white cakes, and mixt the labourers feast.  
 In it besides a vine yee might behold  
 Loded with grapes, the leaues were all of gold,  
 The bunches blacke and thicke did through it growe,  
 And siluer props sustaine them from below:  
 About the vine an azure dike was wrought,  
 And about it a hedge of tinne he brought. (passe  
 One path went through it, through the which did  
 The vintagers, when ripe their vintage was.  
 The virgines then and youtnes (childishly wise)  
 For the sweet fruit did painted cuppes deuise,  
 And in a circle bore them dauncing round,  
 In midst wherof a boy did sweetly sound  
 His siluer harpe, and with a piercing voyce,  
 Sung a sweete song; when each youth with his choice  
 Triumphant ouer earth, quicke daunces treads.  
 A heard of Oxen thrusting out their heades  
 And bellowing, from their stalles rushing to feed  
 Neere a swift flood, raging and crownd with reed,  
 In gold and tinne he carued next the vine,  
 Foure golden heardsemen following; heard-dogs ni.  
 Waiting on them; in head of all the heard,



## Achilles Shield.

Two Lyons shooke a Bull, that bellowing verde  
 In desperate horror, and was dragde away:  
 The dogs and youthes pursude; but their slaine pray,  
 The Lyons rent out of his spacious hide,  
 And in their entrailes did his flesh diuide,  
 Lapping his sable blood; the men to fight  
 Set on their dogges in vaine that durst not byte  
 But barckt and backwards flew: he forge beside  
 In a faire vale, a pasture sweete and wide  
 Of white-fleest sheepe, in which he did presse,  
 Sheepcotes, sheepfolds, and couerd cottages.

In this rare Shield the famous Vulcan cast  
 A dauncing mace; like that in ages past,  
 Which in brode Cnossus Dedalus did dresse  
 For Ariadne with the golden tresse.

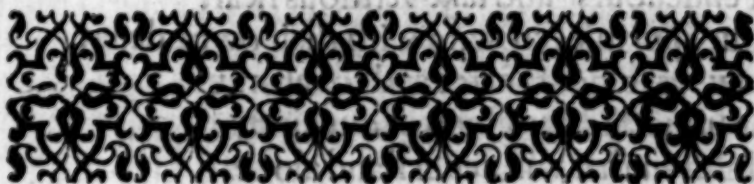
There youthes & maids with beauties past compare  
 Daunc' st with commixed palms: the maids did weare  
 Light silken robes; the youthes in coats were deckt  
 Embroyderd faire, whose colours did reflect  
 Glosses like oyle: the maiides faire cronets wore,  
 The youthes guil: swords in siluer hangers bore,  
 And these sometimes would in a circle meet,  
 Exceeding nimble, and with skilfull feet,  
 Turning as round as doth a wheele new done,  
 The wheelewright sitting, trying how i will runne.  
 Then would they breake the ring, & take their places  
 As at the first: when troupes pleasde with their graces  
 Stood looking on, two youths then with a song,  
 Daunc' st in the midst to please th' admiring throng.  
 About this liuing shieldes circumference  
 He wrought the Oceans curled violence,  
 Arming his worke as with a christall wall.

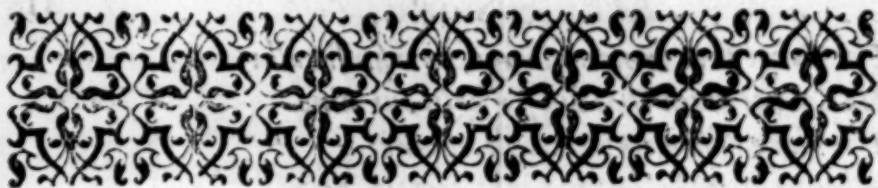
The

The Targe thus firme and huge, now finisht all:  
 He Curace made that did for light out shine  
 The blaze of fire, impierceable, diuine:  
 A helme fit for his browes, whose lostie crest  
 Was with a wauiing Plume of gold imprest:  
 Then shining Greanes he made of brightest brasse;  
 And when this smith of heauen brought to full passe  
 This ful of wonder and vnmarcht affaire,  
 To goddesse Thetis, he addrest repaire,  
 And laid it sounding at her Christall feete,  
 Which with refreshed mind and countenance sweete  
 Shee tooke, ana like a Haulke stoopt from the browes  
 Of steepe Olimpus: and the wreakefull voves,  
 Of her enraged Sonne shee helpt to pay,  
 With Vulcans armes wrought for eternall day.

D

To





To my admired and soule-loued friend  
Mayster of all essentiall and true knowledge,  
*M. Harriots.*

**T**O you whose depth of soule measures the height,  
And all dimensions of all workes of weight,  
Reason being ground, structure and ornament,  
To all inuentions, graue and permanent,  
And your cleare eyes the Spheres where *Reason* moues;  
This Artizan, this God of rationall loues  
Blind *Homer*; in this shield, and in the rest  
Of his seuen bookes, which my hard hand hath drest,  
In rough integuments I send for censure,  
That my long time and labours deepe extensure  
Spent to conduct him to our enuious light,  
In your allowance may receiue some right  
To their endeuours: and take vertuous heart  
From your applause, crownd with their owne desert.  
Such crownes suffice the free and royall mind,  
But these subiected hangbyes of our kind,  
These children that will neuer stand alone,  
But must be nourisht with corruption,  
Which are our bodies; that are traitors borne,  
To their owne crownes their soules: betraid to scorne,  
To gaudie insolence and ignorance:  
By their base fleshes frailties, that must daunce,  
Prophane attendance at their states and birth,

That



That are meere seruants to this seruile earth,  
 These must haue other crownes for meedes then merits,  
 Or sterue themselues, and quench their fierie spirits.  
 Thus as the soule vpon the flesh depends,  
 Vertue must wait on wealth; we must make friends,  
 Of the vnrighteous Mammon, and our sleights,  
 Must beare the formes of fooles or Parasites.  
 Rich mine of knowledge, o that my strange muse  
 Without this bodys nourishment could vse,  
 Her zealous faculties, onely t'aspire,  
 Instructiue light from your whole Sphere of fire:  
 But woe is me, what zeale or power soeuer  
 My free soule hath, my body will be neuer  
 Able t'attend: neuer shal I enioy,  
 Th'end of my happles birth: neuer employ  
 That smotherd seruour that in lothed embers,  
 Lyes swept from light, and no cleare howre remembers,  
 O had your perfect eye Organs to pierce  
 Into that Chaos whence this stifled verse  
 By violence breakes: where Gloweworme like doth shine  
 In nights of sorrow, this hid soule of mine:  
 And how her genuine formes struggle for birth,  
 Vnder the claws of this fowle Panther earth.  
 Then vnder all those formes you should discern  
 My loue to you, in my desire to learne  
 Skill and the loue of skill do euer kisse.  
 No band of loue so stronge as knowledge is:  
 Which who is he that may not learne of you,  
 Whom learning doth with his lights throne endow?  
 What learned fields pay not their flowers t'adorne  
 Your odorous wreath? compact, put on and worne,  
 By apt and Adamantine industrie,

Proposing still demonstrate veritie,  
For your great object, farre from plodding gaine,  
Or thirst of glorie; when absurd and vayne,  
Most students in their whole instruction are,  
But in traditions meere particular:  
Leaning like rotten howles, on our beames,  
And with true light fade in themselves like dreames.  
True learning hath a body absolute,  
That in apparant sence it selfe can suite,  
Not hid in ayrie termes as if it were  
Like spirits fantastike that put men in feare,  
And are but bugs form'd in their fowle conceites,  
Nor made for sale glas'd with sophistrique sleights;  
But wrought for all times prooffe, strong to bide prease,  
And shiuer ignorants like *Hercules*,  
On their owne dunghills, but our formall Clearkes  
Blowne for profession, spend their soules in sparkes,  
Fram'de of dismembred parts that make most show,  
And like to broken limmes of knowledge goe.  
When thy true wisdom by thy learning wonne  
Shall honour learning while there shines a Sunne;  
And thine owne name in merite; farre aboue,  
Their Timpanies of state that armes of loue,  
Fortune or blood shall lift to dignitie;  
Whome though you reuerence and your emperie,  
Of spirit and soule, be seruitude they thinke  
And but a beame of light broke through a chink  
To all their watriſh splendor: and much more  
To the great Sunne, and all thinges they adore,  
In staring ignorance: yet your selfe shall shine  
Aboue all this in knowledge most diuine,  
And all shall homage to your true-worth owe,

You

You comprehending all, that all, not you  
 And when thy writings that now errors Night  
 Chokes earth with mists, breake forth like easterne light,  
 Showing to euery comprehensiu eye,  
 High seſtious brawles becalmed by vnitie,  
 Nature made all transparent, and her hart  
 Gripte in thy hand, crusing digested Art  
 In flames vnmeasurde, measurde out of it,  
 On whose head for her crowne thy soule shall sitte.  
 Crownd with Heauens inward brightnes shewing cleare,  
 What true man is, and how like gnats appeare.  
 O fortune-glossed Pompists, and proud Misers,  
 That are of Arts such impudent despisers,  
 Then past anticipating doomes and skornes,  
 Which for selfe grace ech ignorant subornes,  
 Their glowing and amazed eyes shall see  
 How short of thy soules strength my weake words be,  
 And that I do not like our Poets preferre  
 For profit, praise, and keepe a squeaking stirre  
 With cald on muses to vnchilde their braines  
 Of winde and vapor: lying still in paynes,  
 Of worthy issue; but as one profest  
 In nought but truthe deare loue the soules true rest.  
 Continue then your sweet iudiciall kindnesse,  
 To your true friend, that though this lumpe of blindnes,  
 This skornefull, this despisde, inuerted world,  
 Whose head is furie-like with Adders curle,  
 And all her bulke a poysoned Porcupine,  
 Her stings and quilles darting at worthes deuine,  
 Keepe vnder my estate with all contempt,  
 And make me liue euen from my selfe exempt,  
 Yet if you see some gleames of wrastring fire,  
 Breake from my spirits oppression, shewing desire



To become worthy to pertake your skill,  
(Since vertues first and chiefe steppe is to will )  
Comfort me with it and proue you affect me,  
Though all the rotten spawne of earth reiect me,  
For though I now consume in poesie,  
Yet *Homer* being my roote I can not die.  
But lest to vse all Poesie in the sight,  
Of graue philosophie shew braines too light  
To comprehend her depth of misterie,  
I vow t'is onely strong necessitie  
Gouernes my paines herein, which yet may vse  
A mans whole life without the least abuse.  
And though to rime and giue a verse smooth feet,  
Vttering to vulgar pallattes passions sweet  
Chaunce often in such weake capriccious spirits,  
As in nought else haue tollerable merits,  
Yet where high *Poesies* natie habite shines,  
From whose reflections flow eternall lines:  
*Philosophy* retirde to darkest caues  
She can discouer: and the proud worldes braues  
Answere in any thing but impudence.  
With circle of her general excellence  
For ample instance *Homer* more then serueth,  
And what his graue and learned Muse deserueth,  
Since it is made a Courtly question now,  
His competent and partles iudge be you;  
If these vaine lines and his deserts arise  
To the high serches of your serious eyes  
As he is English: and I could not chuse  
But to your Name this short inscription vse,  
As well assurde you would approue my payne  
In my traduction; and besides this vayne

Excuse

Excuse my thoughts as bent to others ames  
Might my will rule me; and when any flames  
Of my prest soule break forth to their own show  
Thinke they must hold engrauen regard of you.  
Of you in whom the worth of all the Graces,  
Due to the mindes giftes, might embrew the faces  
Of such as skorne them, and with tiranous eye  
Contemne the sweat of vertuous industrie.  
But as ill lines new fild with incke vndryed,  
An empty Pen with their owne stuffe applied  
Can blot them out: so shall their wealth-burst wombes  
Be made with emptie Penne their honours tombes,

F I N I S.

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